

The

Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.

NOBISCUM

CHRISTUS

STATE.

School Record

December, 1936.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 55.

DECEMBER, 1936.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

D. HUNT, P. HOUGHTON, PARSONS, BIDDLE i.

The School Register.

Valete.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| *Collins, K. M. (vi.), 1929-36. | Allen, H. T. (Low. v.), 1931-36. |
| *Jones, C. M. (vi.), 1929-36. | Moore, J. S. (Low. v.), 1927-36. |
| Biddle, C. F. (Upp. v.), 1931-36. | Skinner, G. E. (Low. v.), 1931-36. |
| Blackford, N. M. (Upp. v.), 1930-36. | Thomas, J. G. (Low. v.), 1932-36. |
| Clemson, M. E. (Upp. v.), 1931-36. | Naylor, C. M. (Upp. iv.), 1934-36. |
| *Holman, M. H. (Upp. v.), 1929-36. | Blundell, G. G. (Low. iv.), 1934-36. |
| *Johnson, F. M. (Upp. v.), 1929-36. | Hanson, P. L. (Rem.), 1931-36. |
| Lewis, E. N. (Upp. v.), 1931-36. | Henman, D. W. (i.), 1934-36. |
| *Luker, C. G. (Upp. v.), 1928-36. | Henman, M. E. (i.), 1934-36. |
| *Sore, F. M. (Upp. v.), 1930-36. | Lawrence, J. P. G. (i.), 1934-36. |
| Taylor, C. M. (Upp. v.), 1931-36. | Reynolds, J. M. (i.), 1935-36. |
| Williams, M. (Upp. v.), 1934-36. | |

*Prefect.

Salvete.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Ayre, C. C. (Rem.) | Haines, G. H. (i.) |
| Ayre, S. A. (i.) | Harris, M. E. (Rem.) |
| Barker, M. A. (iii.) | Hawkes, J. (iii.) |
| Barton, A. G. (iii.) | Hemming, K. E. (Sh.) |
| Bird, M. M. (iii.) | Houghton, F. (Sh.) |
| Booker, A. J. (iii.) | Howard, M. K. (Sh.) |
| Brand, A. W. (iii.) | Paskin, E. (iii.) |
| Bridgman, J. H. (iii.) | Ripington, W. T. (Sh.) |
| Bridgewater, W. J. (Sh.) | Smith, D. W. (iii.) |
| Clarke, B. D. (iii.) | Spiers, I. A. (iii.) |
| Dales, N. (Rem.) | Steele, A. G. M. (Sh.) |
| Dyer, N. H. (Sh.) | Stewart, J. M. (iii.) |
| Emery, A. W. (iii.) | Strain, C. H. (Sh.) |
| Evans, E. M. (Sh.) | Sutor, J. H. (iii.) |
| Evans, F. E. (Sh.) | Taylor, J. M. (iii.) |
| Findon, M. V. (Upp. v.) | Villers, D. A. (iii.) |
| Findon, J. A. (iii.) | Villers, A. J. (i.) |
| Francis, B. C. (iii.) | |

This term there have been 201 scholars in attendance.

Old Scholars' Guild News.

PRESIDENT—Mr. C. T. L. Caton.

HON. SECRETARY—S. C. Styler.

HON. TREASURER—C. H. Baylis.

The Summer Reunion took place at school on Saturday, July 25th. The weather conditions were most unfavourable, and consequently, the attendance was affected. Yet, despite inclement weather, the cricket match between the Old Scholars and the School was played between the showers, and, after a very exciting finish, resulted in a draw. The tennis tournament was washed out, and, in its place, a table tennis tournament was arranged. Prizes were awarded to the winners, R. Bunting and P. Warner.

The Old Scholars' group photograph was taken after tea, and towards eight o'clock, dancing in the Hall began. This continued, with an interval for supper, till midnight, when "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King" concluded the programme.

At the supper interval the business meeting was held. E. Clark, E. Holder and S. Ledbury were elected to the committee, to represent Alcester, Bidford and Redditch respectively. M. Clark was elected Old Girls' Sports captain, and D. Baylis Old Boys' Sports captain.

The Old Scholars' Guild has adopted a definite tie and square. These will be obtainable, the tie at 2s. 6d., the square at 10s. 6d.

It has been decided that the Winter Reunion, which is to be held at School on Saturday, December 19th, shall take the form of a Social Evening. An attractive programme has been arranged, including games, musical and vocal items, short sketches, etc. A good band will provide music for the dancing—the members of the band, like all other artistes, being Old Scholars. As on previous occasions, a table tennis tournament will take place. The Hall and Dining room will be seasonably decorated, and the committee hope that their efforts will result in a good attendance of Old Scholars, so as to make the occasion a success. The reunion will begin at 7.30 p.m., and the programme will open punctually at 7.45.

A dance will be held in the Town Hall on New Year's Eve, to begin at 8.30 p.m. "Ivor and his Rhythm Swingers" have been engaged. There will be novelty items at midnight. Tickets (on sale at the Reunion) are, single 3s., double 5s. 6d., including refreshments.

Congratulations to Vera Wood, who has been awarded the Opera scholarship and the Marianne Rowe scholarship for singing, at the Royal College of Music.

Also to Mabel Browning on obtaining her B.A., with third class honours, at Oxford.

And to Joyce Jackson, who has been awarded a Worcestershire County Major Scholarship.

And to Connie Carratt and Barbara Greenhill on obtaining their Board of Education Teacher's Certificates.

The Old Scholars defeated the School by eight goals to three in a hockey match played on Saturday, November 15th. The O.S. team was M. Clark (capt.), R. Bunting, M. Rook, E. Lewis, F. Holder, L. Heath, K. Staff, I. Ison, K. Collins, C. Winnett.

In a football match with the School on Saturday, November 28th, an O.S. XI. drew 7-7. Their team was W. Hughes, D. Saunders, F. Hands, W. Savage, H. Pinfield, S. Ledbury, L. Hodgetts, P. Wheeler, E. Colegate, with two boys playing as substitutes.

We regret a mistake in our announcements last term. G. T. Colegate has obtained a B.Sc. (pass) degree at Birmingham University.

Births.

On July 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Bowen—a daughter.

On August 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Bunting (née M. Sisam)—a daughter.

On October 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gummow (née E. Lane)—a daughter.

On October 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mander—a son.

Marriages.

On June 12th, 1935, at Rous Lench, Major Charles Chambers to Elsie May Dutfield (scholar 1920-22).

On July 18th, at Alcester, Fred Duxbury (scholar 1924-29) to Edith Mabel Francis (scholar 1921-26).

On July 23rd, at Salford Priors, Ashwin Cook to Muriel Bomford (scholar 1917-25).

On July 31st, at Oxford, William Banks to Barbara W. Wells (scholar 1915-28).

On August 3rd, at Alcester, Robert Colin Baylis (scholar 1922-23) to Doris Madge Perry.

On September 23rd, at Studley, Sinclair Henry Jeffery to Gladys Betsy Sollis (scholar 1926-29).

On December 5th, at Alcester, E. Victor Boote to Catherine Alice Mary Kilby (scholar 1924-27).

Christmas Eve.

Old Martin was an eccentric old man ; he wore the queerest clothes and the most awkward slippers—too long by half, they seemed. His movements were silent apart from the flip-flap of his loose footwear on the stone-flagged floor.

He lived indeed in the oddest of houses. It was the most ill-arranged dwelling one is likely to find in a lifetime's search. The old oak beams came down low on to one's head ; the doorways were correspondingly short and restricted—a trap for unwary guests. Altogether, one became oppressed by the nearness of things ; claustrophobia I think the feeling is called.

One Christmastide Old Martin invited his aged brother, with his bosom friend, to spend a quiet week in the country with him. They duly arrived and made themselves at home. Such was the hospitality of their host that they were allowed to come and go as they pleased. One day—it happened to be Christmas Eve—the friend, one John, was left alone for some time and was told to help himself to any wine or similar regalement that he would require. Being a man of generous nature and proportions he confessed that he would not be averse to a drop or two occasionally. His fancy was attracted by a beech-wood goblet reposing on the mantelpiece ; the

dim light from an old oil lamp multiplied in a strange fashion the shadows in its carving ; the figures there fascinated him. He felt a curious desire possess him ; he would love a drink from that goblet, for he was sure its age (of that he was certain) would impart fresh strength to the wine.

The wine decanters happened to be empty, but he knew that he could get some more from the cellar below. He hurried out, and came back triumphantly bearing a bottle before him ; in his excitement he knocked his head on the low lintel of the doorway ; it was rather a hard blow but not sufficient to discompose him. He gingerly filled up the goblet, adding wine by drops till it was brimming ; then sip by sip the wine disappeared. When it was almost gone, Old Martin entered, his slippers flapping on the floor ; he beamed at the sight of John and the wine—it was a pleasant scene—but the smile faded and his jaw dropped when he noticed the goblet. “ John ! what have you done ? ” he cried, “ that goblet, don’t you know it is cursed ? It’s, it’s the poisoned cup of the Conchillos ! ” John looked at this trembling old man ; he looked almost demented, so glazed did his eyes appear. He remembered vaguely the cup, the poisoned cup of the Conchillos ; he remembered the curse, the death sentence passed on the drinker. An impulse seized him, a cold biting terror ran through his bones, his knees trembled, his huge form seemed to quake visibly. His mind became blurred, hundreds of pictures, pictures of his past life flashed hazily by ; the room, with its low beamed ceiling and old oil lamp receded steadily, so steadily but surely, from before him. A splitting pain gripped his head, his life sped in starts away . . . and then . . . oblivion.

* * *

“ Try sponging that bruise again, Martin,” said his brother, “ he is still unconscious.”

L.P.

Notes and News.

The head boy this year is Bayne, and the head girl M. Rowles.

The prefects are Bayne, Hewlett i., Parsons, M. Rowles, D. Hunt ; the junior prefects are Smith i., D. Yapp, F. K. Johnson.

The Sides captains are :—*Brownies*, Shrimpton, D. Hunt ; *Jackals*, Hewlett i., F. K. Johnson ; *Tomtits*, Down, M. Rowles.

The games captains are Hewlett i. (football), and F. K. Johnson (hockey).

At the closing assembly last term Mr. Caton made the usual presentations. The two cricket bats (one the gift of Mr. S. Stone, the other of Mr. A. Baylis) were presented to Bayne and Gray. The tennis racquet given by Mrs. Caton went to W. Taylor. The tennis gold medal was presented to I. Ison, and the silver medal to K. Collins. Tennis colours were handed to C. Biddle and F. K. Johnson.

Certificates gained in the recent drawing examinations were also presented to successful candidates in Divisions 1, 2, 3 and Preparatory.

This term a new form—Shell—has been introduced between Forms iii. and Lower iv.

A hearty welcome is extended to Miss Woodward, who joined the Staff this term to teach English.

Also to Mrs. Tennison, who has taken charge of the girls' hockey.

Half term was taken at the week end October 30-November 2, an extra half day being awarded in honour of the success of J. Jackson in obtaining a County Major Scholarship.

A demonstration of the making and playing of bamboo pipes was given on Tuesday, September 22nd to the Musical Society by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Bennett.

On Friday, November 13th, members of Forms vi., Upper v., Lower v., Upper iv., and Lower iv. saw the film "With Byrd to the South Pole," which was shown in the Hall.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the gifts of the following books to the Reference Library:—"The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," by T. E. Lawrence (the gift of M., P., and N. Hanson); "As you Were," by C. Leslie Ward (the gift of K. B. Ll. Bailey); "The Renaissance," by Funck-Bretano (the gift of K. Collins and M. Rowles); "Place Names of Warwickshire" and "Chief Elements used in English Place Names" (both the gift of the English Place name Society in recognition of work done by the Scouts.)

Books have also been presented to the History room library by M. Blackford, Williams and Hewlett ii.

During last term there was missed from the Reference Library the bound volume of the "RECORD" for the years 1923-6. Requests for the return of this book have so far proved fruitless. As it is quite impossible to replace this book, we wish to appeal earnestly to the boy or girl who has it in his possession to return it without delay to its place on the shelves in the Sixth Form classroom.

We have recently received a letter from P. T. Downs, an old scholar, who has since 1913 been living in New Zealand. In the course of his letter, he says: "I wonder if some of your scholars, amateur photographers, will be kind enough to send me a few snapshots of the Studley district. A few places in particular are: the School, Coughton Court, the Throckmorton Arms, the two churches at Coughton, the Catholic and English Churches at Studley, Studley Castle, Ipsley Church and Ipsley Mill. If any of the scholars will be so kind, their kindness will be much appreciated, and whenever possible reciprocated." If any present or past scholars have any photographs of these places and would like to send them to Downs, Mr. Druller will be pleased to give them his address, or, if they prefer, to send on the photographs himself.

During the summer holidays, two pupils attended a Summer School of French at Westcliffe-on-Sea.

Since the beginning of term a bus has been running from Stratford-on-Avon via Bidford to the School for the benefit of pupils in the morning, and again in the afternoon from the School to Stratford by the same route.

Football colours have been awarded to Hewlett ii.

The Joys of Cycling.

The Editor, the A.G.S. "RECORD."

Dear Sir,

It is with some difficulty that I sit down to write this short letter to you. Tired of being ridiculed by my friends for being unable to ride a bicycle, I set out this morning with an old bicycle, and with a "do or die" expression on my face to master the art of cycling. Being a very self-

conscious person I removed myself to a road about a mile outside the town, and unfrequented by traffic. Unfortunately, a "hunt" happened to be in progress at the very place where I had decided to perform, and when I eventually reached the spot I was, to say the least, annoyed at finding eight or nine stationary cars, and about three dozen men frantically beating the hedges on either side of the road.

This was no place for me to set out on my maiden "voyage," I argued, and decided to return home at once. On my way home, however, I thought of my friends enjoying themselves in the neighbouring towns. That was enough. Resolved to face all dangers I once more returned to the chosen road. Imagine my joy when I found that the cars had gone, and not a single man remained to witness my trials!

With the help of three wall-bricks and an old paling I mounted my bike—and then the fun began. As I was not used to balancing myself on two wheels, my first attempt was naturally a failure, and I finished up three feet from my starting place with the "bike" on top of me. Nothing daunted, I returned to the three bricks and paling, having carefully marked the end of my first run. My second run ended at the same spot, and in the same way, and so did my third, and fourth. At my fifth attempt, however, I achieved some success, and I had gone quite ten yards when I accidentally jammed the front brake on. As a result I travelled another ten, but without the bike. Removing myself from the ditch in which I had landed, I comforted myself with the knowledge that I had more than doubled my previous longest run.

It was then that one of my lucky friends arrived on the scene, and offered me his help. Graciously I accepted, and it was arranged that he should run behind me, holding the saddle of the bike. The first two of my runs were very successful, and I was just half-way through the third trial, when I discovered to my horror that my friend was no longer running behind me. The next thing I realised was that I was lying in the ditch with the frame of the bike around my neck, and my feet locked together in a fierce embrace by the chain. I took care to extricate myself from the bike and was unfortunate enough to leave half of my shirt on one of the pedals. Still determined not to let a simple thing like riding a bicycle beat me, I once more returned to my pile of bricks. For the first time in my life I completed two hundred yards on a bike, turned, and returned to my starting place.

My last task was to learn to mount a bike without the aid of a pile of bricks. This I found surprisingly easy, and I was just congratulating myself on a good morning's work when a second friend arrived, and challenged me to a race home. He agreed to give me two minutes start, and I set out determined to give him a good run for his money. Now the road in which I had been practising was a by-way, and branched off into the main road about half a mile below the starting place. About thirty yards from the main road I turned round and saw, to my amazement, my friend, not a hundred yards away. This proved to be my undoing for I failed to notice a herd of cows sedately crossing the road. When I opened my eyes an amazing sight greeted me. Two cows lay on the floor snorting and kicking, whilst a third was trying in vain to dislodge my bicycle, which had affectionately wound itself round the unfortunate beast's neck. My nose was bleeding profusely, and certain scratches on my arms and legs had also begun to bleed. Slowly I got up and left the scene of the disaster. My bike was still round the neck of a cow, and there I decided to leave it. As I sit here now, nursing cuts and bruises by the score, all my enthusiasm for cycling has gone, and I am once more determined that, until I can afford a car, I will keep to my legs.

I remain, Sir,

Yours sincerely, XYOO.

"*Chen Fugaces . . .*"

The Latin phrase never fails to evoke a sigh—it evoked more than one sigh from me when I first tried to translate it! Yet surely, the sigh is misplaced, for should we not rejoice at adolescence? As our school years slip away, we, receding from the insignificance of the "*Salvete*" and rapidly approaching the temporary dignity of the "*Valete*," should be gratified that having set foot on the ladder of intellect we have, since then, steadily climbed. We should be proud that in our short period we have put away childish things and have risen to practices more manly. Indeed, it seems that we should thank the fleeting years for bringing us to that unforgettable introduction to the casual cigarette or the essentially masculine pipe which did—or did not, you will proudly declare!—make us so horribly sick. Yes, you can't deny it, smoking is a splendid habit—it offers such incomparable opportunities for putting on airs and lost in its indulgence we can fondly imagine that we are . . . even manly.

And our joy at our advance should surely spur us on to further efforts and inspire our hearts with the remote hope that one day we might aspire to the height of those demi-gods of creation—our school teachers—whose example is continually upheld to us as of supreme excellence and as the perfection of desirable conduct, and whom it is our privilege to attempt in our puny way to emulate.

Yet . . . the incongruity of it almost makes one laugh—a nasty cynical laugh. It is amusing that those all-wise elders who seek to move us by saying that Mr.—— would never dream of doing such-and-such a thing should fail to realise that the idea of being anything like Mr. —— is in itself so unsufferable as to be absolutely revolting.

We are still gratified, however, that we are growing older, for did we not, at the Form i. stage after much labour acquire the infallible knowledge that twice one is two? Since then, however, we have advanced—advanced so much in fact that having reached the Sixth Form stage we spent eighty minutes quibbling as to whether twice one really is two or not, and finally decided that it probably isn't, but that it doesn't matter anyway.

Yet, despite all these attractive remunerations we still feel inclined to dolefully exclaim "*Eheu fugaces . . .*" We sigh and we always shall sigh, for as those days of childish enjoyment recede, free from the burden of responsibility and the clutches of relentless convention, we feel that we are losing an old friend. Sentimental, you say? Y-e-s, perhaps, but true nevertheless. The modern school girl can no longer shamelessly indulge herself in gymnastic exhibitions reminiscent of the beach, which so lately delighted her, for public opinion—the mother of convention—has forbidden it.

Sentimental reminiscences are, praise be, incompatible with youth. It is old age, the remnant of disappointed and disillusioned youth, which rejoices in it and looks fondly back on the time when life was one great adventure—a fairyland of limitless possibilities. So while we, unmoved by the emotional strains of "*Forty Years on*," proceed in our *De'il-may-care* fashion, it is difficult to realise that one day we, even we, may pensively poke the fire and regretfully murmur—" *Eheu fugaces . . . anni labuntur.*" P.J.B.

New Desks for Old.

We all hope that in the near future we shall be provided with better buildings. The huts (you may supply your own adjective) are, we have been informed, to give way to more pleasing structures of bricks and mortar. So far, so good, but nobody in enumerating the various needs that our new accommodation must fulfil has mentioned anything about furniture.

Shall we have to be content with the antiquated, simple form of desk, while admiring clean, new walls, as yet unmarked by inky-blotting-paper target practice? If so, it is up to us as a school to protest. We suggest that a more modern, complicated version of the "knee-hole" desk be introduced. A built-in typewriter for quick execution of exercises is essential. Surely that would save much valuable time, for the staff would not have to employ a code expert to decipher illegible hand-writing and the class would not be forced to listen to the offender being lengthily informed of the fact.

We respectfully suggest that a certain portion of the desk-top be marked, "Carving allowed here only." If that section were specially made of a soft wood what a number of broken pen-knife blades would be saved. It has been estimated by our noted mathematician that two hundred and fifty blades are thus rendered useless every term. Surely that is not an economic proposition in these days of pocket-money cuts. A wireless set should form one of this desk's features, earphones rather than loud-speakers too, for then "swing music" would not interfere with the intricacies of French or Latin. Besides, if one was supposed to be listening to an instructive feature, there would be no external evidence that one was not.

So much for the upper part of this model desk; now for the concealed portion. We respectfully submit that a special "science-section" to be kept for worms, frogs and other animals, so that these interesting specimens may not intrude on the privacy of other members of the form, would be much appreciated. Shelves, drawers and pigeon holes would account for the rest of the space, and as a last improvement, an overflow channel could be easily constructed round each desk to accommodate stray books and papers that fall from their rightful places.

It is extremely doubtful whether these suggestions will be received seriously by the proper authorities, in fact whether they will be received at all, but we have voiced our grievances like true Britons. The next thing will be to put on our woad and war-paint to demand our rights. So until then . . . we must put up with our old desks.

THE REFORMERS.

Bonfire Night.

It was the fifth of November,
Starry and dry was the night,
And, as you will remember,
The bonfires were burning bright.

Rockets shot up in the air,
Fountains sparkled with glee,
Fireworks went up with a flare,
For the air was frosty and free.

When all the fireworks were over
The Guy was brought forth in state,
He was put upon the bonfire
Where he met his usual fate.

JEAN BRIDGMAN (Form iii.)

The Uses and Abuses of Curiosity.

"*J'ai, tu as, il a.*" It was only curiosity which prompted us to glance surreptitiously at our French text-book, to find out what "he is," was, in French. We could account for many of the day's misdeeds with the word "curiosity"—and curiosity is the spice of life. Without it the world would be a sad place, indeed. There would be no hunting for fresh excuses for that bane of Life, forgotten homework, for no-one would wish to find out whether it had been done or not. Books could be left about willy-nilly, for who would want to know why they were missing? And, best of all, a day's holiday could be taken occasionally with impunity, for neither at home nor at school would it be questioned.

Yet a little curiosity sometimes does not come amiss—voiced at the right moment, it can delay many a Latin test, or cover up any amount of spilt ink. Besides, it is only mere curiosity which prompts those pleasant conversations between scholars, which our elders seem to regard with so much disapproval. Curiosity surely is a good excuse for almost every breach of rules, in all walks of life, and at all

ages. The young gentleman of two or three years invariably takes his toys apart to see what they are made of. Later on, the same thing happens to his motor-bicycle, one of those machines which always seem to be falling to pieces at unexpected moments.

A curious person—more vulgarly termed a “Nosey Parker”—is not always popular, but excuses himself on the grounds of innocent curiosity. We could name other animals—notably cows—who also exhibit this strange impulse of curiosity!

Every community has its Nosey Parker—even each of the forms at A.G.S. These people may be large and self-assertive, or small, insignificant members, who, between lessons, burst into amazing curiosity. They travel from desk to desk, gathering information on the way, until the conversation is brought to the precipitate end of all of its kind, and we settle sadly to our tasks. Curiosity prompts a question in passing. Why not allow a ten-minute interval for conversation and relaxation of overworked brains?

We consider that curiosity is more abused than used. At the same time it is more ridiculed than taken seriously. Many are the sarcastic comments passed upon curiosity.

And then we must deplore the unwelcome curiosity of examiners, who really ask the most unanswerable questions, to which there is apparently only one answer, which only the examiners themselves know, and yet are just curious to see if we know it, by any very unlikely chance! Facts which we pass as unimportant are, to the examiners, things of the most glaring importance, and the resultant questions concerning these facts give us many minutes of hopeless staring at the ceiling. We gaze at it just out of curiosity, or perhaps in the vain hope that thereupon we may find the much-sought answer.

Most people live for curiosity, for in this uncertain world we never know what will happen next, and it is a kind of curiosity which prompts us to go on living to see what the next day has to give us. But woe betide the unfortunates who are too curious, for when sealed lips are opened, who knows but what the curious may receive a nasty shock, and make undreamt-of discoveries?

Curiosity is a sadly overworked word, having to fulfil the functions of several words, and many misdeeds are laid to its account. So we would tell you to ask your questions, glean your information, "crib" your French, but please, we beg of you, do not lay your deeds at the door of curiosity!

P.H.

Olla Podrida.

Valerius, says L. P., led the infantry in a rectangular line.

Cum equitibus invadit, according to M. W. B., means "he entered on two horses." Obviously the scene was a circus.

We often see tractors (remarks M. C.) cutting hay, insteap of horses. Vegetarian tractors, we presume.

J. H. informs us that after the accident he remained mutual for three days.

R. H. G. observes that he has little interest in anthology, as nature study does not appeal to him.

Pythagoras, R. S. avers, believed in the transportation of souls.

Starch, writes one bright scientist, has a lot of starch in it.

On the authority of J. H., Chaucer's observation that "a fat swan loved he best of any roost," should be interpreted "he liked a fat goose best for a bed."

Bogs, remarks P. B., are good for cows.

To find the north in the daytime, writes R. P., face the sun and swing to make your back face it.

Irrigation, says M. P., means that, if you went up above the clouds and you dropped your friend out into the clouds, she would go floating on and not come down with a thump to the ground.

One Crowded Hour.

or the Man who knew the better part of valour.

The reader may not be as well acquainted with Tootle-on-the-Bunk as I am, but if he does, by any chance, know any small village with one policeman, a rickety five horse-power fire engine, a small church with a clock that is always slow, a ford through the village stream, and one inn, with a name like the "Cat and Boot," there he has Tootle-on-the-Bunk in a nutshell. A word about the "Cat and Boot." The connection between two such objects may not at first be apparent, but if the reader was as well acquainted with the particular feline in question as I am, the connection would not only be apparent, but obvious.

But to get down to brass tacks. The Mayor of Tootle is always a source of great interest to visitors. A worthy old man, ripe in years, he has held the office of Mayor for the past half century or so. In March, last year, to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday, he purchased a car. I call it a car for want of a better name, for by no means will any picture that the reader may conjure up in his mind, cover all the details of Lizzie, as popular opinion soon dubbed her. The body was coloured in a vivid shade of yellow, with a green ring round each door handle. There was scarcely any roof, as the moths had evidently found it nice to eat, and the mudguards were a mass of dents, which spoke of past adventures in the days when the man with the red flag had walked in front to warn pedestrians of the danger. In short, an old creak. But the Mayor was proud of her, and rightly, too, for she could move faster than P.C. Coppham's push-bike, and he set up a steady eight miles an hour down-hill.

It was on a Thursday that the real fun started. The Mayor was driving a renowned milk analyst, Mr. Testipure, to Farmer Giles' dairy, where Mr. Testipure would test the local milk supply. They were jogging along at a steady ten miles per hour, when suddenly, Lizzie, without giving anyone the slightest warning, increased her pace to a steady thirty which rose to fifty just before Big Hill. She charged up the hill like a troop of cavalry, and, having gained the crest, charged a gate, snorted through a field, and made for the nearest hedge. The impact was terrific. In the brief but one-sided struggle, the Mayor lost his best top hat, his stiff collar, his old school tie, and his friend, Mr. Testipure.

The Mayor came out of the fight triumphant, but his victory was short-lived. The next hedge removed him from his precarious post, after which Lizzie seemed to get on better.

But the beginning of the end was close at hand, for in the next field was Farmer Giles' bull, Taurus, who would have disputed the right to stay in that field, even though a lion had confronted him. Lizzie, it is true, did not stop, but though the bull lay gasping on the ground, she carried with her a scar which would take some repairing, for her back left hand wheel was severely buckled, and a part of her carriagework was missing. Gallantly she continued, but the effort was too much, for she tottered wearily to the bank of the stream which borders the big meadow by the woods, and, giving a sort of sigh, settled gradually into the mud at the bottom, with scarcely a splash.

Thus ended the glorious career of a noble warrior. As for myself, when I had dumped two empty petrol cans on which were printed, "Racing Fuel, Extra Strong," in large letters, into the same stream, I cleared out of Tootle for ever.

I thought, somehow, that it was the wisest thing to do.

"The man who knows the better part of valour."

HUNT.

The Pleasures of Slacking.

A certain boy I knew, when only in the tender days of his education, was considered by his parents to be exceedingly sharp, quick at learning things, and eager to make progress in his school career. He usually came home at the end of the term, with his eyes all aglow and his face all wreathed in smiles; and the first thing he did, was to obtain permission from his parents to open his report, and broadcast the contents to the family, and father would say, "Well done, laddie! you know, mother, he'll be the brightest in the family before very long." The little chap was always in bed by seven o'clock, for he had no homework to do—his mother saw to that—but in any case, as he was at a private school, it really did not matter very much; he was so clever and would soon pick up and keep his position among his school fellows. His homework should have consisted of the two times table and A, B, C, but he knew these more than a year ago; and why should he not go and play in the garden with Tommy Jones?—no reason at all—not yet!

When this young fellow had reached the age of ten, he was still well in advance in those of his age ; and it was then that the trouble began ; for his parents decided to send him to a secondary school, which was a few miles away from home. When he arrived at his new school, he was conscious of eyes peering at him from all directions. At first, he felt himself trembling, and began to wish himself at home. He was never used to such publicity, for it must be remembered that he had only been to a private school of ten pupils ; so one cannot wonder at his being uncomfortable, and he was only ten years of age. When he arrived at his classroom, everything in his mind seemed obliterated. He began to ask his neighbour how to do his geometry, for he had never done this subject at his last school. Immediately a teacher's voice rapped out, asking him what he meant by speaking. The poor little fellow could give no explanation, and he was duly punished, by having to write out ten lines from " Foundations of History." He was very upset, and by the end of the morning was on the verge of tears. This was indeed the first blow he had had—but the worst was yet to come ; he was terribly shocked by the ghastly word, homework.—He knew a secondary school would be much harder, but he never anticipated having homework ; but a happy thought came into his mind ; mother would see that he did not have any homework, for she never did believe in her child doing any.

At last, the end of an unhappy day came, and the little boy arrived home to be embraced by his mother, who asked him how he had got on at school on his first day. With his face in his mother's skirts, he poured out his troubles. Mother then said that she would talk the matter over with father when he came home. Mother thoroughly agreed with her offspring, and so did father. They encouraged him, however, to do his homework that evening. While he was doing this—who should come to the door but Tommy Jones, his playmate, who was wanting him to go to the Mop ? He then got his mother's consent, for a Mop comes but once a year. Consequently, our small friend's homework was neglected.

This boy's parents did not realise that homework was a preparation for the next day's work in class. After all, the poor lad did want some recreation ; and homework was really an awful bore !

Oxford and Cambridge Examinations, 1956.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Mathematics and Science—P. J. Bayne.

Oxford Examinations, 1956.

****SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.**

L. G. Baylis (6 credits), C. F. Biddle (5 credits), R. B. Biddle (6 credits), N. M. Blackford (1 credit), *M. E. Clemson (6 credits), H. T. Hewlett (5 credits), F. M. Johnson (4 credits), E. N. Lewis (5 credits), G. C. Luker (3 credits), C. M. Sherwood (4 credits), C. R. B. Smith (6 credits), F. M. Sore (3 credits), M. G. Stone (4 credits), *C. M. Taylor (5 credits), M. Williams (2 credits), D. A. Yapp (5 credits).

*Qualification to claim exemption from London Matriculation Examination.

**Honours and distinctions are no longer awarded in this Examination.

Scouts.

SCOUTMASTER—Mr. Walker.

The troop this term has been greatly enlarged, the numbers now being over sixty. There are seven patrols among which there is keen rivalry. This competition has been enhanced by the presentation of a cup by Mr. Walker, which is to be given, each term, to the most successful patrol. Already a large number of scouts have passed their complete second class and some are well on their way for their first.

We now use the Hall instead of the Scout Room for assembly, as the numbers are so large, but the latter is still used in the dinner-hour. We have then spent most of our time outdoors preparing for tests or having competitions.

Mr. Walker is considering the formation of a combined mouth-organ and pipe band. Several have already declared themselves willing to join and we look forward to the time when we have a band as efficient as that of a few years ago.

L.P.

Musical Society.

CHAIRMAN—Mr. Caton. PRESIDENT—Miss Deans.

HON. SECRETARY—Parsons.

On September 22nd Mrs. Leslie Bennett, supported by Mr. Bennett, gave a demonstration on "How to make a bamboo pipe." She explained each point carefully, and the members took notes. She then gave a few tunes on a pipe she had brought, and showed us how easy it was to learn to play it. The meeting ended with a few songs very well chosen and sung by Mr. Bennett.

The outcome of this meeting has been the decision to form a new and larger Scout band. The making and playing of pipes has also been included in the competitions for Sports Day.

We are now looking forward to the annual Christmas sing-song of carols and favourite songs. Special books of carols are being printed for the occasion.

L.P.

Postage Stamp Club.

At a meeting held on November 24th, it was decided that the Stamp Club should be revived. Membership is open to boys and girls in Forms down to the Upper Fourth, and about thirty have already joined. Meetings will be held weekly on Tuesdays, beginning next term. Parsons and Woods have been elected joint secretaries. As in the past, exchange of members' duplicates will be the main features of the meetings, and there will also be talks and discussions on topics connected with the hobby.

It has been suggested that there may be some Old Scholars or friends of the School who either have or receive from time to time foreign stamps for which they have no use. Mr. Druller would be very grateful if anyone with such stamps to spare would help the Club by sending them along, however many or few, for distribution among the members, some of whom have little opportunity of obtaining many stamps.

Football.

CAPTAIN—Hewlett i.

HON. SECRETARY—Bayne.

The team opened the season promisingly by drawing with Redditch in a game which was decidedly in the School's favour. Unfortunately, however, many members of the team were subsequently injured and Evesham scored two easy victories over a much weakened side. With the team back to full strength it is hoped that we shall have better results and although the School were convincingly defeated by King's Norton, a definite improvement was evident. This improvement can be attributed to the intensive practice of "ground football," and it is hoped that perseverance in this direction will extend the combination of the team enough to compensate for their lack in size. The greater number of the fixtures are arranged for next term so that the School will have ample opportunity to retrieve their early defeats.

	Goals	
	For	Against
A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), drawn.	3	3
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost.	1	9
v. Evesham P. H. G. S. (away), lost.	0	8
v. King's Norton S.S. (home), lost.	0	8
v. N. F. U. 2nd XI. (home), lost.	0	6
v. Old Scholars' XI. (home), draw.	7	7

Sides matches:

Tomtits 1, Brownies 0; Jackals 5, Brownies 0; Jackals 4, Tomtits 4.
P. J. B.**Debating Society.**

CHAIRMAN—Miss Evans.

HON. SECRETARY—Bayne.

COMMITTEE—

D. Hunt, Parsons, Biddle i., Butt, Hunt, Bayne.

The first general meeting of the Society was rather late this year, occurring on Thursday, October 29th. The subject for debate was: "This House is convinced that a more strict return to the observance of the Sabbath is of paramount importance if we are to retain our national character."

The motion was as controversial as it is original, and a very lively debate ensued in which the number and keenness of the general speakers showed a marked improvement since

last year. The speakers for the motion were Bayne and Parsons, and against the motion D. Hunt and Biddle i. The result was : For the motion 16 votes, against the motion 25 votes.

Another debate has been arranged for the end of the term, the subject being : "The present system of training for citizenship is defective, and in the interests of the nation this should be remedied."

P.J.B.

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—F. Johnson.

SECRETARY—D. Hunt.

COMMITTEE—M. Rowles, F. Johnson.

The School extends a welcome to the new games mistress.

Three matches have been played so far this term, one has been scratched and one remains to be played. Owing to a late start the team was unable to have much practice before the matches began, but it is hoped that later in the season it will meet with more success. As the girls now have the use of the new field for hockey, this should help to improve the standard of play.

The results of matches played so far are as follows :

	Goals	
	For	Against
A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.C.S. (away), lost.	0	12
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost.	2	5
v. Old Scholars' (away), lost.	3	8

Sides matches results :

Brownies 3, Tomtits 2 ; Jackals 2, Tomtits 0 ; Jackals 10, Brownies 1.

H.D.H.

Cricket, 1956.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
8	2	3	3

The following boys played for the 1st XI. : Hewlett i., Down, Hewlett ii., Baylis i., Bayne, Parsons, Butt, Gray, Whitehouse, Smith i., Biddle i., Luker.

P.J.B.

For the Juniors.**The Brownie of the Classroom.**

There was a little elf in our classroom. He ran about everywhere, but we could never catch him. He lived at the bottom of the piano, and he never came out till it was dark and all the School was still.

One day I thought I would catch him so I waited behind until all the children had gone, then I crept close to the piano, and presently I heard a queer little sound, and out he came. Suddenly I pounced on him and asked him what he did in our classroom.

He answered : " First, I tidy up, then I play my games, and I always have a swing on your electric lamps, but I love best of all to play in your sand tray ! " Then I said " Do you like being in our school ? " " No," he answered, " I would rather have a cave of my own, and someday I will have one ! " I told him : " If you will come sometimes and help me with my sums, I will make you a little house with a comfy bed and food at my home ! "

So he came and was very happy there.

STELLA HARRISON.

The Golden Pathway.

Once upon a time my mother and father went away for a day and left me all alone.

All day long I tried to find someone to play with. I went to the dog-kennel, but the dog wasn't there. I went to see if my cat was in its basket, but it wasn't. I went into the wood, there I saw some rabbits, and I sat down on the root of an oak tree to watch them.

They were playing in an open part of the wood and the strong sunlight made a golden pathway where they had a leap frog game on the grass.

When it was getting dusk, I went home and found my mother and father had just returned. After tea I lay and watched the fire; then I went to bed and dreamed of my golden pathway.

T. ASPINALL, (Form i).

The Magic Door.

Once upon a time there was a boy who went for a walk in the wood where he saw some Royal Deer.

The King Deer took the boy such a long way that he fell down and all the bunny-rabbits ran after him.

At last he reached a tree. It was the rabbits' palace, but just opposite lived the fairies, and at that moment the tree-door opened and out came some elves who asked him in to play.

When the door was shut, it was so nice inside. They spent the evening together, playing hide and seek, "fairies-in-the-corner," and follow the leader.

MARY ROWLAND.

ALCESTER:
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,
HIGH STREET.
